

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

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Only morning newspaper in the Amarillo Country. Covers the Panhandle of Texas, Eastern New Mexico, Southern Colorado and Western Oklahoma from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance of Denver, Dallas, Fort Worth, Oklahoma City, and other papers carrying telegraphic dispatches.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
The Daily News will be delivered by carrier anywhere in Amarillo, or by mail outside of the city, for \$5.00 a year, or 50¢ a month, in advance.

Congress has died, but its work shall live for people yet unborn.

If it's but a "paper blockade," why not let it rip with the breezes and quit worrying about zone?

Must have made a mistake—there must be a groundhog in the Panhandle and he surely saw his shadow.

It's March for everybody now but Sarah Bernhardt. She has a wooden leg which is not yet trained to military step.

Yes, we have all met the girl who knows so much more than her mother, and some of us have observed the result.

A Colorado man who has twice been in the insane asylum is now in the legislature of that state. He is said to feel perfectly at home.

The Utah Plates are up in modern warfare—they have retreated to more strongly fortified positions "for purely strategic reasons."

The United States government has allowed a war claim of the Missouri University. On which side did the Missouri institution see service?

General Obregon says the real revolution in Mexico is only beginning. Taking his cue from Lord Kitchener who says the war will commence in May.

If these much talked-of blockades succeed Germany and England will likely keep bent beyond the regulation period, which ends with Easter Sunday.

To judge from the war reports the Turks are a people who believe in being able to fight on some future occasion. That must account for their readiness to run.

The North American says "Russia is about to have compulsory education." Yes, Professor von Hindenburg has been vigorously striving toward this end.

When the war clouds (we meant to say rain clouds), have blown over it might be well to start a spring clean-up in Amarillo. It is hardly necessary to observe that we need it.

The czar has one advantage over the kaiser—every day his road to the front is getting shorter and some of these bright mornings he can pay a visit to Grand Duke before breakfast.

As long as the U. S. is not implicated in the unpleasantness across the water we are not worried how many U.S., U.L.D. and U.L.s are sent to the happy hunting grounds on the bottoms of the seas.

Peace rumors and Dardanelles bombardments are playing havoc with the wheat market every little while. The bulls and bears of the grain exchanges are the most credulous and superstitious humans yet untamed.

The Panhandle has had two or three times as much moisture since January first than for the same period in many years. And this spells another bumper wheat and feed crop. The Panhandle is coming into its own and is doing it with a whoop.

The American dollar is king in France and his divine right to rule is undisputed even in the devil's gambling den. Poor Mexican peso is down to 10¢ value, and is looked down on even in the French collection box.

The United States has paid pensioned survivors of the civil war four and a half billion dollars during the past fifty years. And not all of them are dead yet. No wonder the South has been getting rich.

Senator Sherman of Illinois said: There is no such thing as civilized warfare. And then he proceeded to blame it on Christianity. The Senator's reasoning is absurd and his large bill of bawls. The degree of civilization in governments keeps step with that of Christianity. A nation drops from civilization in proportion as it drops from Christianity.

The Amarillo Daily News offers to its advertising patrons a paid circulation more than double that of any other Daily paper published in Northwest Texas.

Says Mr. Dooley. The trouble about man's harmony, as I have observed it from me seat in the grain stand, is that after fifteen or twenty years it settles down to an endurance thrile. Women, as Hogan says, are creatures in such beauties men that to be loved they have but to be seen, but, he says, want they're seen an' made secure, he says, we first embrace, thin any, thin endure, he says. Most o' th' old married men I know that their wives like a rocking chair, a great comfort when they're tired, but apt to be in th' way at other times.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

A letter containing a personal touch was sent from the front in the early part of the war by Rudolf Herzig, one of Germany's greatest living poets and novelists. The letter, as originally published in *Die Woche* (No. 41) was in rhymed verse. The poet, who visited this country about a year ago and was based in Germany in all the chief cities he visited in the author of numerous novels and romances dating from 1893 to the present. Herzig lives in a fine old castle overlooking the Rhine, mentioned in his letters which is as follows:

It had been a wild week. The storm-wind swept with its banner of rage. It lashed us and splashed us through mud and seas, whistled through our clothing, penetrated the pores of our skin. And in the deluge—ights that made us shoulder—great skeleton churches, cracked walls, smoking ruins piled high, trees and villages—judged annihilated.

Of twenty bridges there remained but beams rolled up by the waters—and towering sage.

Nut's thought screamed for the distant home land and far away far away, the only thought by day and by night. On to the enemy, come what may! No mind intent on any other goal. No time to fess! No time to lose! Haste! Haste!

And forward and backward and crosswise through the gray Ardennes the Chief Lieutenant of L. corps day after day.

Captain of the Guard? You? From the Staff Headquarters?

He shouts my name as he approaches.

Congratulations! Congratulations!

And he waves a paper above a hundred heads.

Telegram from home! Make way there you rascals! At the home of our poet—I've just learned it—a little war girl has arrived!

I hold the paper in my outstretched hand. Has the sun broken suddenly into the enemy's land? Light and life on all the rains?

Springtime wafts the shuddering Autumn darkness.

My little girl? I have a little girl in my home?

You bring back my smile to me in a heavy time.

I gaze up at the sky and am silent. And far and near the busy noisy swarm of workers is all silent. Every one looks up seeking some point in the far sky. Officers and men, for a single heart throb, listen as to a distant song from the lips of children and from a mother's lips stand there and smile around me in blissful pensiveness as if there were no longer an enemy. Every one seems to feel the sun, the sun of golden happiness.

And yet it had merely chanced that on the German Rhine in an old castle lost amid trees a dear little German girl was born.

(Written Sept. 17, 1914, in the field.)

BROTHERS, ALL.

The news dispatches this week told how a German regiment paid tribute to a dead foe; a French gun captain who fell while fighting desperately. After all his gunners had fallen about him he continued to work his gun and when wounded so he could no longer defend himself with his revolver and he fell with a bullet in his temple.

The Germans buried him in their own military cemetery with military honors and in presence of German officers, one of whom wrote a letter to the widow of the French captain containing thus tribute:

I bow humbly and full of admiration before the valiance of this comrade fighting heroically to the last extremity for his birthland.

A day later came a dispatch from England telling of the funeral in Edinburgh of Capt. Alex under Karl Erdmanns of the German battleship Blucher, which was sunk in the North Sea while fighting British warships. He died of pneumonia contracted from the plunge into the icy water when his ship went down.

Fool military honors were accorded him says the dispatch. The coffin, wrapped in a German ensign, was borne on a gun carriage drawn by six horses and accompanied by a company of the Royal Scots. Two British naval officers followed the gun carriage, a purr band and brass band played German songs, the chaplain of a German regiment who was a prisoner read the burial service, the body of the brave captain was laid to rest by the side of one of his lieutenants and one of his crew and over his grave three volleys were fired and the Last Post sounded while a piper played the final lament. Lachabes No More.

Blue books and white books and red books have been issued by each of the warring nations and volumes in the hundreds have been published to try and show that there was some real cause for the great war in Europe. But there was no just cause but such a conflagration, such a shed of blood, such a sacrifice of life, so many widows, tears, so many orphans.

Volumes have been issued and a thousand publications made by the military heads of the different countries to try and kindle and fan into red flame an unnatural hatred between the families of nations at war.

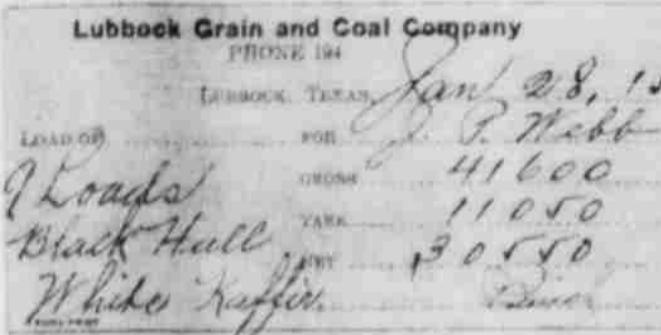
But there is no natural enmity between the men who are doing the fighting and such men as these emphasize the mutual respect they have for each other and the common brotherhood of them all.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Hetty Green, reputed to be the richest woman in the world recently permitted herself to be interviewed, and the reporter, proud of the achievement, made her say a little of something on nearly every question before the people. She was in a talkative mood, but by far the best thing she said in that long interview was this: "A girl has a hard time being decent in six dollars a week." She is a close observer, and more economical in her dress than some people whose income is not much greater than \$1000 per year, and she ought to know what she is talking about—Wichita Falls Times.

Lubbock County Farmer Makes \$47.73 Per Acre From Kafir and Has Fodder Left



Check of \$47.73 paid to Mr. Webb for the Kafir seed from 8 acres.



State Ticket Showing 40,550 Pounds of Dried Kafir from 8 Acres.

LUBBOCK, TEX., March 5. The 40,550 pounds of seed and hay enough left over above after the return seed remaining off the eight acres of land prepared on the farm of J.P. Webb in Lubbock, Tex., in 1915, it is possibly the highest yield ever obtained on the land per acre in the state. Webb, a member of the Santa Fe railroad company, is the regular master grower for the railroad, and returned to the railroad last year the seed for the crop being furnished by the railroad for him at \$47.73 per acre. Webb took considerable pride in his work with this crop, but has returned only about the results of good work and never been remunerated for his services to the Santa Fe and Panhandle farmers. His crop in 1914 was 10,000 bushels. H. B. Rainey, agricultural statistician, said the railroad system



J. P. Webb, Lubbock, Texas

is Amarillo and charge of his demonstration work and the results show what may be accomplished by intelligent work.

Scientific Hog Feeding.

Mr. John Zinser, one of the good farmers north of Lubbock, a 600-cropper, has solved the hog feeding problem in a most remarkable way.

Mr. Zinser about 10 days ago received a load of hog feed of about 75 pounds each from a feed mill in town by St. Jacobs Oil. There averaged 150 pounds here. He put this in a full feed of ground corn supplemented with cotton seed meal in short parts of ten to one, using the soft hunker mixings the feed as ground. He puts them back to the ground all the time. At the present time a most successful

Glasses Broken?

Now, we admit, you can duplicate any lens, whether it's PMD by us or not. Just send your old glasses and we'll make all the same day. In No. 101 Main and Polk St.

Stop "dousing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only—not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothly penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say "Jack Robinson"—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs' Oil" is a harmless elimination cure which never disappoints and doesn't harm the skin. It takes pain, stiffness and stiffness from joints, joints, muscles and bones; stops sweating, hiccups, backache, rheumatism.

Turn up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old time, honest "St. Jacobs' Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

No Repairs In Three Years

When you buy a piece of equipment, an automobile, a tractor or a gas engine, the price you pay for it is only a part of the cost. These are the repairs, the depreciation and the replacements to be considered.

Did you ever consider how much of this CONTINUAL COST depends on the oil?

Here is some evidence on the point.

J. A. BEL LUMBER COMPANY, LTD.

Calcasieu Long Leaf Yellow Pine Lumber
Manufactured Lake Charles, U. S. A.

Mr. Joe Daniels, Agent,

Texas City, Tex.

Lake Charles, La.

Dear Sirs:

Today Mr. Rolland S. Bradster is "three years old" and hasn't had the valves ground, or any part of the engine worked on, except cleaning of piston bore.

I have used your Texas Motor Oil, and Gasoline, and this car all together, and have saved an average of Ten Dollars per month on Garage bills, and know your oil is the cause of it.

Sincerely,

Signatures

The "Made in Texas"

TEXACO QUALITY AND SERVICE

did this the same quality and service which are to be secured in your town. Our Agent is there to serve you—get in touch with him.

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas



Most Old People Are Constipated

The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. With advancing age people are disposed to restricted activity and exercise, which is responsible for the constipated condition of most old folks. The digestive organs are more sensitive to the demands made upon them, and relax more quickly.

A mild, effective remedy for constipation, and one that is especially suited to the needs of elderly people, women and children, is the combination of simple laxative herbs with poppy that is sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Peppermint. A free trial bottle can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 452 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

MONEY TO LOAN.

On improved residence property, Vendor's Lot and Mechanics Liens taken up or extended or will make improvements. Terms mod at trustee. No commission or attorney fees. Phone 65 W. A. Ashes.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE.

DRINK HOT TEA!

Take a small package of Banning Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it "Banninger Brust Tee," always porous, take a tablespoonful of tea, pour it into a cup of boiling water, strain it, pour strength a spoonful and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dousing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only—not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothly penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say "Jack Robinson"—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs' Oil" is a harmless elimination cure which never disappoints and doesn't harm the skin. It takes pain, stiffness and stiffness from joints, joints, muscles and bones; stops sweating, hiccups, backache, rheumatism.

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